

## Speak To Me

by Crimson

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## Speak To Me

> <meta name="ProgId"> Speak To Me

# Author's notes: This is a story in which Cosette never existedâ€|  
and Marius loved someone elseâ€|

The poem and title belong to Michelle. Kudos to her for allowing me  
to use them.

## Speak To Me

> <br> \_My dear friend 'Ponine... so lonely and pensive.\_\_\_  
> <span class="textnormal1">Why won't she speak to me of what's  
troubling her?<span>  
> <span class="textnormal1">I see her walk the streets in the  
darkness,<span>  
> <span class="textnormal1">With eyes as misty as the Seine after the  
rain.<span>  
> \*\*\*\*\*<em>

Marius followed the young woman as she walked slowly down the  
streets, staring at the river, which shimmered in the moonlight. She  
was silent, and made no complaint when a passing carriage splattered  
her with muck from the streets. She just walked on, seemingly unaware  
of the filth on her dress and of her stalker. When she stopped to  
peer over the edge of a bridge, Marius hurried to catch up with  
her.

"Hello." He said softly, coming up to lean on the railing next to  
her.

She wasn't surprised. Instead, she looked up at him and smiled. He  
smiled back, and took her hand in his own. It was clammy and cold. He  
absently rubbed it with his own as he stared out at the river beneath

them.

"Is something bothering you?" he asked.

"It's just thatâ€¦ I'm all alone." She spoke so softly he could barely hear her reply.

\*\*\*\*\*

\_My dear friend 'Ponine, speak to me.\_\_\_  
> <span>\_\_Don't be so much on your own,\_\_  
> <span>\_\_The streets wouldn't be full of strangers,\_\_  
> <span>\_\_If only you'd speak to me.\_\_\_  
> \*\*\*\*\*<span>\_

He took her other hand in his own, surprising her. He hoped he was doing the right thing, acting on the heart's counsel alone.

> \*\*\*\*\*<o:p><o:p>

\_Eponine, why live alone when I am here by your side?\_\_  
> <span>\_\_Eponine, why do you speak to yourself\_\_  
> <span>\_\_If I am here to comfort you?\_\_  
> <span>\_\_Speak to me, 'Ponine.\_\_\_  
> \*\*\*\*\*<span>\_  
> <span>" 'Ponine, you don't have to be alone." He said softly, pulling her close. Her eyes widened, and she leaned forward as he bent down. Their lips met. It was a soft, gentle kiss, but it spoke volumes. When they pulled back, Marius noticed that she was shivering. He pulled her close to him, wrapping her in his coat to protect her from the cold. She smiled, and snuggled up to him.

"I guess I'm not so alone." She whispered.

He smiled, and held her closer as they started to make their way home.

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Unnoticed, in the darkness, a shadowy figure watched the two. As soon as they were out of sight, he hurried away. Thenardier would not be happy.

End  
file.